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An organ of the greater student body of the
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Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among
Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

No. 5. NINEPENCE.

Lent Term, 1919.

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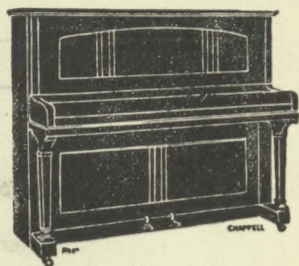
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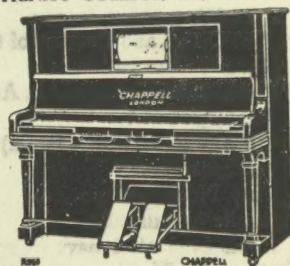
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Princess Patricia of Connaught
(Daughter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught).

Editorial.

THE R.A.M. SPIRIT.



THE *Academite* joins heartily in the general chorus of welcome to those of our confrères who, for the past few years have been away from their Alma Mater engaged in rugged warfare.

With the return of our soldier students we prophesy a new era in the student life of our Academy. The year that witnessed the birth of *The Academite*, the Debating Society, the tennis club, and, by no means least, the rejuvenation of Branch B of the venerable R.A.M. Club, was a year shrouded with ominous war clouds of an almost suffocating nature where Art and Art-Students were concerned. Yet those of us engaged in student activities felt it our bounden duty to work hard in order to sustain or create a spirit (the R.A.M. spirit), which would tend to the establishment of a bond between those students present and those serving in the various branches of His Majesty's Forces.

Communications received at different times from appreciative soldier-students expressing their pleasure in hearing news of the R.A.M., all go to testify to the spiritual success of such undertakings. It is now up to these returning students, together with the comparatively newcomers, to establish firmly student organisations by giving zealously their support in every form to such movements.

THE ACADEMITE SOCIAL.

The Michaelmas Term Social was one of an unprecedented nature, on account of the fact that the first part of the evening consisted of a programme the artists of which were all professors. Those who had the good fortune to be present know to what great extent we are all indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Acton Bond, Mr. Thomas Meux, Mr. Felix Swinstead, Mr. Philip Cathie and Mrs. Margery Renaut for their kindness in contributing to the complete success of our evening.

The Lent Term Social will be held during the last week of the term, on which occasion we are pleased to announce that Professor Frederick Corder will continue his lecture, "A Chat about old R.A.M. Days," which was postponed last term. The usual social part of the evening will, of course, follow the lecture. Shareholders (paid-up subscribers) have the right of access to this function, and all other *Academite* affairs. Further particulars with regard to the date, and the admittance of non-shareholders, will be posted in due course on the notice boards in the hall.

List of Academite Patrons.

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Mr. A. Algar Bell

Mr. Charles Stainer

Miss Annie M. Child

Mrs. Florence Russell

The Welcome to Mr. B. J. Dale.



ON the evening of the eleventh of January, the Society of British Composers and the R.A.M. Club joined in a hearty welcome to Mr. Benjamin Dale, upon his return to England.

A most interesting programme consisting in the main of the works of Mr. Dale was presented. Miss Myra Hess and Mr. Lionel Tertis were the very capable artists in the Fantasia for Viola and Pianoforte with which this programme was opened. Mr. Tertis also gave further enjoyment to his listeners in playing the obligato to two recent songs of Mr. Dale's, which were sung admirably by Mr. Keel, and also as leader of the six artists who played that extraordinary wonderful viola sextet, which the writer, along with others, tried very hard to get encored. Mr. Keel, a fellow-prisoner of Mr. Dale at Ruhleben, contributed some songs of his own composition, which were very much enjoyed.

Two songs of the late Morfydd Owen were also included on the programme. These were sung by Miss Adah Rogalsky (Miss Ethel Bartlett, accompanist).

The Principal then made a speech of welcome to Mr. Dale and Mr. Keel, to which both responded in turn.

The outstanding incident of the evening, however, was the wonderful playing of the Dale Sonata by Miss Myra Hess, which concluded the programme. In spite of the lateness of the hour, the large audience applauded and applauded until Miss Hess had given no less than six recognitions of their appreciation; still they clamoured for an encore, which, alas, was not forthcoming. The writer wishes to say that it has been his privilege to hear this sonata played many times within the last four years, but never before has he had the good fortune to listen to such an interpretation as that given on this memorable evening. A well-known and popular professor of the pianoforte was heard to remark to another that this was the best performance of any pianoforte work he had ever heard!

Hamlet's Advice to Pianoforte Players.

Hamlet: Play the piece, I pray you, as I performed it to you, trippingly from the fingers, but if you exaggerate, as many of your players do, I had as lief the street organ ground it out. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest and (as I may say) whirlwind of your execution, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to see a slender, petticoated girl tear a passage to tatters, to the very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable variety-show and noise; I could hear such a flimsy ninny whipped for o'er doing Termagant, it out-Herods Herod; pray you avoid it.

First Player: I warrant your honour.

Hamlet: Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the arm-action to the phrase, the phrase to the arm-action; with this special observance, that you o'er step not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of good playing, whose end, both at first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Mozart his own feature, Beethoven his own image, and Bach, the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it makes the amateur applaud, cannot but make the musician grieve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance, o'er-weigh a *Queen's Hall* full of others. O, there be players that I have seen play and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak profanely, that neither having the accent of artists nor the finger of artist, amateur, or school-girl, have so thumped and tinkled that I have thought some German journeyman had made the pianos and not made them well; they murdered music so abominably.

First Player: I hope we have reformed our touch indifferently, sir.

Hamlet: Oh, reform it altogether, and let those that play Liszt play no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will alter passages to set on some quantity of barren spectators to gape, though in the meantime some necessary features of the composition be obscured; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

From "The Overture."

On a Welsh Hill.

One eve, from out his kingdom in the West,
The sun, fast sinking in a clouded sea,,
But swelled with gorgeous pride, and loth to rest,
Sent back a thousand farewell gifts to me.

A golden dusk had turned the island lea,
The mainland's rugged cliffs and fertile hills,
To royal purple; above, in clear air free,
A host of tiny cloudlet ships he fills..

With treasure, o'erlades with wealth that spills
Along their route. Their fancy bade me haste,
Still higher, to reach out for hope that thrills,
For dreams come true, for elusive joys long chased.

Alas! 'twas fairy gold, for on the crest
I met the night, in cold, pale moonlight dressed.

R. E. C.

R.A.M. Tennis Club.

The committee has been offered two hard courts for the summer season (beginning in May). The acceptance or rejection of this offer depends on the number of members forthcoming—at least 40 subscriptions will be needed to pay for the courts alone. Those intending to join are therefore requested to give in their names at once to the Secretary, and their subscriptions as soon as possible, so that all necessary arrangements may be made for starting play at the beginning of the summer term.

LILIAN SMITH (Sec.)

Something about France.

THE Editor commands his humble "sub" to write "Something about France." An unkind demand and an unseasonable! England is the only place worth talking about just now. What joys, for example, to see the most glorious edifice in Marylebone Road again! With what upliftment of spirit do we hear and see the old familiar sounds and sights therein—the same old students defying the regulations by sitting on the hall-lounges, the same old Rugby scrum in the tea-room on Tuesdays, the same Hallett, the same Mrs. Woodman, the same delightful blending of a Scriabine sonata with the efforts of an earnest fagotist in adjoining rooms. Oh, it is jolly enough to be home again.

And yet there must be many musicians who come back with their sense of values altered. They penetrated into a larger world, where the good comrades of the moment were railwaymen, apothecaries, ploughboys, perhaps thieves, but only seldom musicians. Before we experienced Active Service, some of us (prigs, you may call us) had no use at all for the type of mind that was not actively concerned in interpreting or making beautiful things in sound, words, paint, or what not. Now we have learned that it takes more than one sort to make a world, and that we ourselves used to be Philistines because we didn't know anything about motor-engines, just as much as a man of his hands was a Philistine because he didn't know who Rimsky-Korsakoff was!

It has been a revelation to us to have found that the people who don't *understand* music are in the colossal majority. (By that I mean people who have no conception of Art in relation to Life.) It was difficult to realise that at home; but when we saw on autumnal Monday evenings a large London Hall packed to suffocation with standing, sweltering mortals engaged in listening to purely Bosch music, one might have been excused for not realising it. But though the man in the street (or ranks) is vaguely stirred by melody, yet it is undeniable that a small percentage only knows anything about music. Only when the crowd round the mess-room piano had tired of rag-time (and too often it was a long, long time), would the "Classics" be drawn upon for "the" Prelude (Rachmaninoff), "the" Humoreske (Dvorak) and "the" Love-Lyrics (Woodforde-Finden)!

Of course, artists have come back from France telling you how mousey-quiet their audiences were when they played Beethoven to them, but that does not prove much, only that a long course of Army life had made the warriors' minds so tired and bored that they were ready to listen to anything. The writer made one of a serious-minded trio who gave many concerts consisting entirely of good stuff (from Tartini Sonatas to Vaughan-Williams' "Mystical Songs"!) and never got anything approaching the expressively-named "bird." Indeed, I believe we gave a lot of pleasure to many. But the comedian with a false nose got the applauding boots and whistles.

However, it is an article of our faith, is it not, that music, great music, is for all not for the one per cent.: that Bach wrote for men and not only for musicians. And it will be the duty of us students to fight for that belief. We may make a start by being sure that the people we teach and the choirs we conduct shall play and sing nothing that is vulgar and meretricious. We shall ourselves disdain to play worthless pieces or sing maudlin songs because they show off our technique or top-notes. We shall refuse to allow the inky fingers of our smallest boy-pupil to soil the keyboard with anything but good music.

ERIC GRANT.

Origin and Progress of the R.A.M.

PART IV.



THE authorities were great sticklers for discipline in the old days at the R.A.M. In the Minute Book we find a faithful and sometimes tediously detailed account of the misdeemeanours of the students, and the punishments meted out to them.

Here are two entries:—

"The Governess having reported that the young ladies were in the habit of looking out of the windows in the practice-rooms: Ordered—that those windows be painted.

"The Committee having noticed several of the male students not in the uniform of the Academy, the Superintendent is directed to give the order requiring all students in future to appear in the established dress—viz., blue coat with the uniform button—and that no other button can be allowed in the Institution but the one which the Committee has approved of, a pattern of which is in the custody of the Secretary."

The following extracts refer to some interesting little points of discipline:—

"August 16, 1828.—Read Mr. F. Spagnoletti's explanation of the cause of his absence from the annual Prize Concert, which is considered insufficient and unsatisfactory: The Committee have therefore *Resolved* that he can no longer be received as a student of the Academy.

"January 29, 1829.—Holmes, not having yet returned to the Academy, nor sent any explanation of the cause of his absence—*Ordered*, that the Secretary inform him that he is no longer to consider himself a pupil of this Institution."

When we remember that Holmes entered the Academy by the Patronage of the King at its opening, and during six years of studentship had earned the highest opinions, this seems an unduly severe decision. However, Holmes wrote eventually apologising, and urging the Committee to overlook his offence. We learn that the Committee agreed to rescind their former Minute, "inflicting on him instead, the far more lenient punishment of four weeks' confinement in the Academy."

"4th February, 1829.—Miss Bellchamber having applied to the Committee for leave to publish her canon—*Resolved* that her request be complied with."

"20th August.—G. Alexander Macfarren, aged 16, was examined on the pianoforte and approved.—To be placed under Mr. Haydon and to learn the trombone as his orchestral instrument."

The Royal Academy kept firm control over the public performances of its students, as the following extract shows:—

"14th May.—Had a letter from Mr. MacMurdie, requesting the assistance of Miss Childe at a concert on Thursday, 21st inst., for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society.—

"*Resolved*—that Mr. MacMurdie be informed that the Committee will, with pleasure, allow Miss Childe to sing at the concert, but that they cannot allow her to sing the air assigned to her in the first part."

Compared with these restrictions, the regulations that govern the present-day student seem of small account.

V. M.

(To be continued.)

Two Garden Sketches.

By the "TIDY POOL."



Y the small pool, which I call the "Tidy Pool," in the dear old Rectory garden, is a moss-covered stone, on which I love to lie on warm April days. When I sit up, I can see the house, and the Church, the feathery trees outlined against the blue sky, and the fresh young greens of the trees and bushes opposite, while over my head is the Tree with the Big, White Buds, which look almost like blossoms in the bright sunlight. On the banks of the pool grow clumps of primroses and celandines, with shepherd's parsley, creeping ivy, violets, wild arums, and hosts of other green things, while thick, soft moss and grass hide the brown earth wherever they can. On the other side of the pool at my end are some rough old wooden steps, moss-covered, leading down into the water. There is a handrail at one side, and both sides and handrail are greened with the wonderful paint that Nature uses to make her children—long estranged from her by man—her own again. Plants which I call wild carrots grow out of the steps, so that their angles and corners are all softened by time and growing things.

One end of the pool is covered with green duck-weed, but my end is free from it, and in the calm, clear water are reflected the trees on the other side, the house and the Church. Nothing disturbs the calm serenity of the pool, save a water-beetle coming up to the surface for a moment, causing ever-widening circles round the spot, or a water-spider skimming lightly across. The birds overhead sing in a constant, twittering chorus—thrushes, blackbirds, robins, bullfinches, all pouring out their Spring-song to God. No harsh sounds disturb my peace—only now and then I hear a distant voice and the sweet-toned bells of the old Church ringing the quarters.

Then I love to think of the Little People, who haunt the pool, who are invisible to mortals, save through the eye of the mind—how they have hide and seek on the bank—how they dive off the bottom mossy step, with the wild carrot growing out of one side of it—how they frolic and play in their lake when no one is there. And when I see the water disturbed just a wee bit, without any apparent cause, then I know that a little flying figure, skimming over the surface, has lightly touched the water with her tiny foot. . . .

Now I lie back on the bank behind my stone, with my head on my clasped hands; lying so, I cannot see the pool or the path round it but only the trees away in the little "Copse" on the lawn, and the bushes opposite: the pale, clear sky overhead, and the Tree with the Big White Buds just above me. Then I can imagine I am right away in the heart of a fairy-haunted forest, far away from the eyes of mortals, from the toils and troubles of life, and from the ugliness of man's making. The trees seem to stretch right away back, an immeasurable distance—my forest is large enough to shut out all sounds of pain and sorrow and strife in the world around it.

Thus I lie and muse and dream, and think the "long, long thoughts" of youth. Can life offer more?

By the Enchanted Pool.

Sometimes I come and sit on the bank of the Enchanted Pool: passing the old ruined pump, stepping over the branch of a young sapling that bars my way, treading cautiously down the bank, I come to the remains of an old tree-stump, rotten and covered with moss and ivy, which stands about as high as my waist. It is by this that I make my seat, on the carpet of young green things and ivy and moss with which the bank is covered.

This pool is dark and mysterious; sunlight seldom penetrates the belt of trees with which it is surrounded—and few amongst these trees are fresh and green, or feathery—they are nearly all sombre firs, and evergreens. There is more rich, dark moss and ivy on the banks, and less shepherd's parsley and hemlock, than by the Tidy Pool, and there are no pale primroses. At the far end, a tree has fallen into the water; years ago it fell, but it has never been touched since, and now the trunk is moss-covered, and the leaves have gradually dropped off. Round the half-submerged branches of the trees at my end, the water is full of decaying leaves, and round the edge of the pool is brown slime. Year after year the leaves fall in and rot as they lie in the water; no one ever disturbs them, no elves ever splash happily about—for this is an Enchanted Pool—this is the "Pool in which You Look and See Things That Have Happened."*

But though all is motionless around the Pool, there is not silence; the birds sing just as joyfully here, in the treetops round about, only the strident bass of the rooks lends a tone of mystery and foreboding to the light-hearted song. And here I lie, and try to picture in the clear waters of the pool, some of the "things that have happened." Many of those things were innocent and merry enough, but some were dark deeds—tales of enmity and jealousy and strife, even in the Kingdom of the Little People. Yet ever the right cause triumphed in the end, for among the Little People, no wrong can live.

CYNTHIA C. COX.

**(H. Farjeon—From the Three-Cornered Kingdom.)*

Four Months with a Lena Ashwell Concert Party.



WHEN Norah Turner and I started for Abbeville on September 5th, we did not realise how lucky we were, but on arrival, we soon discovered that not only is it the largest area, but also the farthest up, and our audiences were therefore to be, for the most part, men straight out of the line. Permanent concert parties do not as a rule go very far afield, but the Abbeville area extends as far as Arras, so that our work, though naturally hard on account of the distances we had to travel, was far more interesting than that of any other base party.

We lived in a hostel with the Dramatic Party, six of us and seven of them, with four French servants. Most of the windows were out, as there had been a bomb through it during the air-raids, but Norah Turner and I were lucky enough to have a room whose windows were intact, which, though the ceiling leaked whenever it rained (which it did solidly for two months on end), was fairly comfortable, especially when we had made our curtains and added rugs for the floor. Each party had its own sitting room, and we shared a common dining room, and I must say the two parties pulled very well together.

Our transport was of a very varied description. I shall never forget my first journey in a lorry. It was like an hour of dreadful nightmare: above the noise of clanking chains, one occasionally shouted a remark to one's neighbour, in the intervals of being jolted from one's campstool (Oh! the breathless instant before it was regained!), before the next bump sent one into space again. However, with use one can become accustomed to anything, and I finally came to the conclusion that of all the fearsome transport, the Ford box-cars allotted to the Concert Party, were the worst. They, like the lorries, had no springs (but for the reason that, from constant overloading, they had

long since "gone west"), they were more draughty and infinitely dirtier, and could be relied upon to break down in season and out of season, but for preference, at the witching hour of midnight on a wind-swept plain, many, many miles from home. The exhaust from a small box-car, or even an ambulance, is a thing to be remembered, but for sheer discomfort, our Ford cars take much beating. Still, as I have said, one can become accustomed to anything, and doubtless, in time, one could take quite a pleasure in walking for an hour or more in the still watches of the night, carrying all one's possessions, and trusting that the road with the apparently endless avenue of trees led somewhere in the end, and even look forward to arriving home at 2.30 or 3.30 a.m. to find oneself locked out! However, this did not happen often enough for it to become a habit, I am thankful to say, but we certainly had several adventures of the kind during our four months' stay. After all, nobody looks for comfort in war-time, and we would have put up with a good deal more to get the welcomes we received.

We gave two concerts a day leaving the hostel as a rule just after lunch, and returning sometime after midnight, except when we performed in local Y.M.C.A. huts or hospitals, in which case we were seldom home later than 8.30. In the most part our work lay further afield than Abbeville, and for our long distance journeys, fifty miles or so, we usually had touring cars sent by the people we were going to. Oh, the joy of our first ride to Arras. Two gorgeous touring cars, luxury indeed! The first time we went there we stayed the night (and were the first Englishwomen to stop in Arras since the bombardment), and next day were escorted over the Somme battlefield. In the morning we saw Vimy Ridge, and in the afternoon they took us through Bapaume and Albert to Amiens, and so home to Abbeville. On the whole I think the Vimy Ridge side of Arras was the worst. We came across one little pile of stones, hardly distinguishable from surrounding piles of iron wreckage with the legend "This is Souchez" on a signpost over it. It was only one of many villages in a like condition, and perhaps it was the fact of its being the first we had ever seen which made it seem so extraordinarily gruesome, but that little pile of stones left more impression on my mind than any we saw on the other side of Arras. On the Bapaume side the trees were simply wiped out, while on the Vimy Ridge side here and there were skeletons of woods, a mere collection of blasted trees, which to my mind were even more eloquent of utter desolation. Bapaume itself is a piteous sight; so is Albert; it would be difficult to find any place possible to live in, yet I hear that the people are already coming back to the pile of wreckage which represents their homes.

We gave several subsequent concerts in the villages round Arras, but only that once were we taken over the battlefield.

The Australians were quartered in some of the little villages near Abbeville during the time we were there, and we spent much of our time entertaining them. When they came out of the line, they were sent into these little villages, fifteen miles or so out of town, where they lived in the utmost discomfort, and had no amusements whatever. An English village can be both dirty and dilapidated, but no one who has not seen them can form any notion of what a French one can be like and generally is! As the "Diggers" were usually quartered in barns, with straw for bedding, and no recreation room to sit in, it was quite the ordinary thing for them to go to bed at sundown there being absolutely nothing else for them to do. When it was possible, their Y.M.C.A. man unearthed some sort of a room, factory, or barn for them, and in these places we gave our concerts. Quite often, however, as I have already said, there was nothing of the sort, and in this case they put up a marquee for us,

and rigged up a platform and lights as best they could. It is wonderful what men in France will do for an hour and a half's concert. Such elaborate schemes for lighting (which generally went wrong at the last minute and we had to have candles after all), such grand platforms hung with canvas for curtains! The labour of many hours for just one short concert. It was touching to find them so appreciative. They gave us wonderful meals, too, often so enormous we simply could not do proper justice to everything.

We gave concerts to the whole of the 1st Division Artillery, and a number of the Infantry of the 1st, 3rd and 5th Divisions, and always under the weirdest conditions. In one place we actually came upon a piano with an F sharp pitch, an absolute fact!

On Armistice Day we were billed for a concert at the Y.M.C.A. Central Rooms in Abbeville. All day the town had been very quiet, the only difference one could see was the wonderfully changed expression on every face we met, the whole atmosphere had altered. Nobody went about shouting; a few small boys let off fireworks in the square outside the hostel, and in the afternoon an Australian band marched through the town, followed by about half the population, but apart from this the town was extraordinarily silent. Naturally we looked forward with something like dread to the evening, when we expected this odd silence to break, and a noisy and probably disorderly crowd to greet us at the Central Rooms, but that concert of ours taught us to respect the British "Tommy" as we had never done before. The place was packed; men stood down the sides and sat on the counter at the back; they crowded into every available corner of the room, and many had to be turned away, yet not one man was drunk, not one man was rowdy, and during the whole of that concert we had not one catcall; they sat there with beaming faces, tremendously pleased with life, and were at once the best behaved and most enthusiastic audience we have ever had. How's that for the British "Tommy"?

I have not space here to give more than a mere outline of our life in Abbeville. It was extremely hard work, but at the same time extremely interesting work, and I shall always look back with great pleasure to perhaps the most useful four months of my life.

TOMMY SNOW.

SOCIAL



NOTES.

There were several Social Meetings during the Michaelmas Term. On November 5th, Branch B, of the R.A.M. Club, gave a dance. About 150 students and friends were present. Six days later, the Armistice was signed. Some special celebration seemed necessary, so a Fancy Dress Dance was arranged for November 20th, after the second Chamber Concert. This proved a most successful evening. Over 450 people came, and of these a large number were in Fancy Dress. Some of the costumes were very clever, and the scene, viewed from the Balcony, was most picturesque and lively. It was desired that this evening might be fittingly commemorated, so an appeal was made for the Students' Aid Permanent Fund. After all expenses were met, there remained out of the collection a clear balance of just over thirteen pounds, which, by dint of a little persuasion, I was able to raise to £22 during the following ten days. My thanks to all who helped me in this.

On November 12th, Branch A held a Social Meeting. A musical programme was provided by the Misses Adeline Kind and Gladys Chester and Mr. Harold Craxton.

The Academite Social, held after the last Queen's Hall Concert, was most enjoyable. A splendid programme was given by Mr. and Mrs. Acton Bond, and Messrs. Felix Swinstead, Philip Cathie and Thomas Meux. Miss Margery Renaut was the accompanist. The concert was thoroughly appreciated by all those who had the good fortune to be present. There was dancing during the latter part of the evening.

A concert was given at the Wigmore Hall on November 7th, in aid of the Y.W.C.A. Mrs. Russell undertook the arrangement of the programme. Miss Margaret Cooper was, unfortunately, prevented by a cold from appearing. Mr. Thorpe Bates sang and several R.A.M. students took part.

While in Lille recently, I met Miss Phyllis Blaine and Miss Olma Godfrey, two well known ex-students, who, for the past six months, have been in a Lena Ashwell concert party at Dieppe. They were on their way to Namur for a six-weeks Belgian tour and had come up to Lille on a search for lost luggage! Both sent their kind remembrances to all their friends at the R.A.M.

Several interesting "first recitals" have been given by R.A.M. students lately: Among these were the Misses Isabel Gray, Joyce, Ansell, Dorothy Griffiths and Hilda Dederich.

Miss Mona Watson, L.R.A.M., who has been for some time a fellow student, has recently accepted a post as teacher of singing at the South African Conservatorium, Stellenbosch, Cape Town. She is sailing on the Balmoral the end of February.

GLADYS CHESTER.

A Resolution for 1919.

By an unfortunate individual, who, after seeing the New Year in, attempted for the first time in his life to descend an escalator and succeeded under stress of panic—and other things—in stepping off very violently with the wrong foot.



RESOLVED:—That in future I will as far as possible travel on 'buses. Tubes after all cannot be as healthy a means of locomotion as one could desire. And health is a great consideration. I put it only second to morals.

Talking of morals. I have noticed just recently that I have a growing preference for all that is *open* and *above ground*, so to speak—the outcome presumably of my frank and honest nature. It is surprising what repulsive sensations I have experienced towards things that are *low* and mean, and *trip you up*—sensations that do not confine themselves to my mind alone, but have been felt right through by body even to my very feet. Let us abhor the descending paths of life and keep to the straight and clear roads that lead to glory. I have been told by parsons that once a weak man sets foot upon the downward road it is difficult, nay, well nigh impossible, to prevent himself from slipping much further than he ever intended to go: that the great magnet Perdition draws him on ever lower and lower till he sinks irretrievably in the gloomy

sea of destruction. And I believe they are quite right. Somehow I can just imagine what happens—how after hesitating, the poor wretch sets one foot timidly upon the broad path, only to find that it is immediately necessary to place the other speedily beside it; how he clutches feverishly at some obstacle by the roadside (in my imagination it is a low rail) hoping to stem the tide of his unwilling journey, but discovers that in the conspiracy of the Evil Powers to get him below it has been arranged *that the rail shall descend with him!* O horrible surprise! O cruel invention! I see the creature panic stricken being carried on and on until with violence he is hurled against the walls of the dark abyss and after a contortionate twist, a paroxysm of terror and despair, falls into the arms of a great blue demon that awaits him with a mocking laugh.

I don't know why the demon in my picture should be blue: nor yet why the incomprehensible word "Bakerloo" should be engraved around his smouldering neck; but possibly it is some sort of diabolical charm of which only those who quit the paths of virtue will learn the awful meaning.

O, let us avoid the way that leads to inevitable destruction: let us hearken to the wisdom and counsel of good men and make our lives examples of honour and sobriety!

(Or at any rate let's have our next New Year party at our own house so as to avoid the necessity of crossing London when it is over.)

DOROTHY HOWELL.

A Propos of Music.



EVERY musician has suffered at the hands of the would-be authority on music, who, happy in the possession of a niece who has passed the Intermediate Associated Board Examination, or a sister who sings "The Indian Love Lyrics," feels qualified to discuss our art with surprising assurance, but not at all surprising inaccuracy.

On discovering themselves to be in the presence of a musician, especially a pianist (pianists are peculiarly open to assault) these bores invariably ask if he or she plays the Rachmaninoff Prelude in G sharp minor (or B flat minor, or F sharp major: they christen it variously). While this amazingly popular solo is in progress, the rest of the company will be informed in a loud whisper that "this is supposed to represent the struggles of a man who has been buried alive in his coffin and is hammering on the lid." Our would-be authority always knows all about the composer's secret and unpublished intentions. I remember being told that a certain popular and sentimental song was based on the story of the composer's wedding. Her husband was killed in a motor smash, I was informed. The first verse was supposed to represent the joy that preceded that regrettable incident, while the second described the sorrowful philosophy that followed it. This song was "The Perfect Day," and it is difficult for the ordinary individual to realise that the composer was thinking either of motors or husbands. But the Philistine would not enjoy it so much if it did not have a "story."

Mrs. Lovall-Art or Knowall-Music can never give the name of a composition correctly. So, if you are asked to play Chopin's Prelude No. 2, do not assume that it is the 2nd Prelude that is desired. Rather ask yourself, "Now which of Chopin's compositions, No. 2, would this creature have seen in a Star Folio?" Then you remember at once—the 2nd Nocturne. So you play this and smile tactfully when Mrs. Lovall-Art announces "I have always loved those Pre-

ludes." You must never on any account attempt to correct her. She would never forgive you. Your best refuge on all awkward occasions is in a vague and amiable smile.

"I love that 'Spring Song'," said a portly dignified gentleman to a violinist who had just played Dvorak's "Humoreske," "my daughter sings it at concerts, frequently." This is reminiscent of Trilby, who used to sing Chopin's A flat Impromptu, but it was, all the same, just a little surprising.

It was very disconcerting for a pianist who had just played Chopin's popular D flat major waltz, to be asked, "Do you play any of Chopin's waltzes?" However, she did the correct thing—smiled vaguely and played another.

"Tell me," said an earnest gentleman to me, before an interested assembly, "what is the average musician's opinion of Beethoven's 1812?"

In case anyone wants to know, the answer to this and similar perplexing questions is:

"Of course, these things are entirely a matter of personal taste." It would be pleasant to hear Beethoven's 1812!

Poor Beethoven is so often blamed for crimes that are not his. I know a dear old lady who always regrets that she can not find anyone who can play that "pretty little" Beethoven "Reverie" her husband was so fond of.

One misguided lady, the mother of an R.A.M. student who was to turn over the pages for a pianist at the Orchestral Concert, announced to some friends that her daughter was "playing a *concertina* at Queen's Hall." (!)

"I'm not going to keep up my music when I leave school," a girl said to me once. "I am going to learn singing."

Of course if that's the attitude they adopt . . . !

Another, but much younger school girl wrote to her sister, an R.A.M. student, as follows:—

"I am trying very hard to get on with my music. I always choose Melodies and Nocturnes and slow pieces, because I want father to say, as he does to you, 'Play something,' and then if it is a dreamy piece, and he is lying on the couch, in the middle of it he will fall asleep, and then I shall know he is satisfied with me."

This is a most unusual ambition. Very few soloists care for their audience to sleep during their performance!

In conclusion, I cannot resist referring rather irrelevantly and certainly irreverently to the delightful remark of a distinguished R.A.M. student, who is also an important member of *The Academite* staff. He said he had just heard someone singing John Ireland's "Hay Fever."

Guess who!

VERA MARTIN.

An Unessential Note.

By One who Sees.

Why do rich people distribute their benefits so illogically? It is only the rich who receive handsome presents: the poor not only give according to their circumstances, but receive alike. Perhaps the wealthy munitioneer may occasionally form an exception to the rule, but the sad fact remains, that in general the quasi-millionaire (for your multi-millionaire is by tradition a niggard and miser) presents his magnificent gifts to those friends who are rich enough to be able to return the compliment in style. A flagrant case which occurred quite recently was that of a well-known Society bride who

received a wedding-gift of £1,000,000. I do not know the lady's income—indeed, I have forgotten the names of both giver and gifted—but I am sure it was larger than my own, and the event quite distressed me.

Now I would not like for a moment to cast reflections on the generosity of the really rich, so I am convinced that there is a good reason for this paradoxical state of affairs. Moreover, I have discovered the reason, which is a simple one: *The millionaires do not know us poorer folk.* So sure am I that they are really kind at heart, and that they have eyes to perceive the absurdity of bestowing their riches upon those who have a fair competency already, that I am willing to place the remedy in their hands. This also is a childishly simple matter: Let the poorer brethren (and sisters, too, *bien entendu*) ADVERTISE themselves, as thus:—

I, the undersigned (the Editor knows the identity concealed behind the pseudonym) hereby give notice that I am a thoroughly deserving recipient for a rich person's presents. My income is small, but I have excellent capabilities for spending money; I work for my living, but am thoroughly competent to enjoy myself when I have the opportunity; I am ravishingly beautiful on the rare occasions when I am dressed really well; and given more scope, should be an ornament to Society

Not greedy or grasping, I would be content with a modest gift of £10,000—or even £5,000, if the dose were repeated.

Millionaires, quasi-millionaires and plutocrats, please note.

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C.C.C.

Some Students I have known.



WHILE still a comparative beginner, and during my second winter in Brussels, I held in due awe and respect those young gods of the violin who then occupied first place in my master's affection and esteem. Once a month, at our professor's house, a "soirée musicale" was held, at which the more advanced public played. These were such pleasant evenings! One met and conversed with all fellow students, and, more important heard almost every concerto in the violinists' repertoire, and, more important, heard almost every concerto in the violinists' repertoire.

Among the select few mentioned above, were two Americans, who had won their First Prize at the Conservatoire the preceding year and were still immensely proud of the fact. One evening, at the conclusion of the programme, the elder, who had been carrying on a rather heated discussion as to the merits of his own playing, announced that he was now going to play part of the Brahms's violin concerto, by special request (of himself!), and did so, much to the astonishment of his host.

A Belgian was famous as the possessor of a wonderful staccato. It was so good, that it atoned in part for an almost total lack of all other qualities necessary to a violinist. Another Belgian had a "technique formidable," and could play the most difficult passages without turning a hair (an annoying accomplishment when the possessor would play expressive parts in the same phlegmatic manner.) Invariably the master would say: "Ah, ce W—— donc, quelle technique qu'il a, et le reste viendra avec l'âge."

Fame is sometimes acquired by strange means. A Russian boy was able to provide considerable amusement in class by moving his ears, and spent much time in the cultivation of this peculiarity. An effeminate young Frenchman (who, by the way, to make his hands look white and pretty, would sit for an hour holding them up in the air), was noted for never being able to get through a piece at these meetings without, sooner or later, a total collapse. A large armchair was kept just beside the piano for him to sink into when overcome by his nerves, and there he would sit with a very red face, while at the other end of the room, conversation would become general until such times as young S—— had been persuaded to take courage and continue, or (more often) had left the room to put his violin away. This done, he would smilingly reappear and proceed to enjoy himself for the rest of the evening, partaking of Madame's tea and cake with great zest and thinking himself quite a lion. The comical aspect of these occurrences began to disappear when the examinations approached, but a motor accident necessitated these latter being postponed for a year. The same old farce continued during the following winter. June arrived, and, with it, those weeks of suspense when public examinations are held at the Conservatoire. What would S—— do when his turn came? Fellow students were agog, no friendly armchair being allowed on the great bare platform of the concert hall. But, as often happens, he rose to the occasion, played Lalo's concerto without any mishap, and promptly returned to Paris with a First Prize.

As soon as the results are known, the candidates (successful or otherwise) spend an evening with their professor, who solemnly opens a bottle of champagne in honour of the occasion. (Strangely enough, the fortunate ones become more and more depressed as the evening wears on. They are almost made to feel that they should have failed, and the others succeeded!) Pre-exam experiences are told, and some funny things come to light. For instance, the fact that all (including grown-up young men) have been vigorously massaging tired arms for several weeks. Then great discussions take place regarding the relative merits of different herbal teas taken for the nerves! Poor young B—— was strongly in favour of "tilleul," and was so serious about it! He was such a nice young fellow, and was just completing his term of military service. He was killed at Liège, early in the war.

By far the most brilliant student was C——, a Spaniard, who looked like a Red Indian, and played wonderfully. He was almost handsome in his ugliness. A child, in spite of his twenty years, he was a most lovable person, and was always surrounded by an admiring group of lesser lights. He had a real Southern disposition, and one evening, in one of his black humours, refused absolutely to play. On the way home, with several friends, he saw a little street-urchin with a barrel organ, outside a large café. Pennies were not plentiful, so C—— went into the café, took out his violin, and played Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise," to the delight of everyone. Then a hat was passed round, and quite a good sum collected for the little boy. C—— has done great things since then, and deserves his success.

There was great rivalry between a pretty little Belgian girl and a plain American, not about their respective violin playing (Oh dear,

no!), but as to which one of them should be most favoured by their professor. He (being a diplomat) varied his favours, so that neither was ever quite sure whether she would have the coveted seat beside him at the piano, or else be almost overlooked all evening.

Of all the students of his time, F—, a handsome young Italian, had the most beautiful tone. He was the exact opposite of C—, being invariably polished, reserved, and most distinguished-looking. One cold day, when the streets were coated with ice, I had got to within a few yards of my teacher's house (by carefully hanging on to the railings for support), when F— appeared on the threshold, having just finished his lesson. Casting a somewhat disdainful glance at my mode of procedure, he started off boldly, with a grand air, but sat down suddenly, and slid over to a lamp post, his violin case flying in the opposite direction. He said "Darn!" in the best English manner (for my benefit), picked himself up, and started again more carefully.

Alas! student days are over for all of these. They are now scattered in different parts of the world, and, no doubt, are very busy training the Ysavés, Thibauds, etc., of the future. G. M. C.

"Any Notes will do!"

Oh Hallettes! have you noticed
The new notice
On the notice-
Board gives notice
To you all, in the Hall,
Not-to-sit and
Not-to-simper,
Not-to-say a word or whisper
In the Hall, at all?
In anxiety to notice
All that notably of note is
Stand not by the shaft of "Otis,"
Stay not in the breath of Notus.*
Is't not he (of course you know 'tis!)
Brings the burning Chilblainotis
(For which now, you know, there's no "Tiz"),
Brings the racking Influenzotis
To you all, in the Hall?
Beware, above all,
Lest Hallet haul all Hallettes from the Hall.

* *Notus—the South Wind; the R.A.M. faces south.*

Matter.

All Students are invited to send in contributions for our next issue addressed to the Editor not later than the second week of the term. One side of the paper should be written on only; and, if typewritten, the greater will be our obligation. The Editor does not undertake to give any reason for the possible exclusion of matter sent in, the publication of which would be contrary to the policy of the Academite. Copies first in hand and available space are important factors. No anonymous contributions will be considered.

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Guess Who's.

GUESS what Colonial thought "Michaelmas" was the name of a student.

GUESS who is the danseuse that was so excited in finding that she was sitting opposite a very celebrated pianist on a bus journey, so that she actually dropped a package containing a pound of dates, and in the confusion of picking them up the gallant pianist emptied the lot on the floor.

GUESS who was the more embarrassed party.

GUESS who are styled respectively: The Cherub, the Angelic Vision, and Joan of Arc.

GUESS whose name rhymes with 'cellist.

GUESS who are the b'hoys that shun the social part of an evening for the delights that are found in the refectory.

GUESS which new student quite believed that the hall porter would supply her with powder when all other sources failed.

GUESS who is in the habit of sending notes with other people's signatures, but overlooks the fact that everyone's writing is not identical.

GUESS who, upon hearing someone humming the celebrated polonaise from "Mignon," exclaimed, "Oh, that is 'I am Tetrizzini'!"

Music in Australia.



WHEN surveying any matter from a distance, one is faced naturally, with certain difficulties, but at least one has the undeniable advantages of perspective; so that now it seems to me that everything I ever heard said in Australia, on the subject of Australian music, dealt only with one side of the question. Ample stress was always laid on the abundance of native talent, and it would be unsafe to conclude that the case was overstated, in the face of much evidence to the contrary. But, thereby, one was easily led into forgetting the peculiar difficulties which stand in the way of Australia's musical progress. What does Australia need in order that she may build up an independent, worthy and national musical tradition? Firstly—what has she got? Granted that there is plenty of talent—what opportunities has talent for developing itself? Apart from the educational institutions, which are doing good, if sometimes tentative, work—has a musician the chance of living in an environment favourable to the best work?

Certainly—provided he has enough force of character and energy of mind to make his own environment. It is true that if he is a good artist, he will be sure of an appreciative, if limited, public, as good artists are proportionately rarer than in this country. But, obviously, comparative absence of competition, though it may be preferable to too intense competition, from the point of view of artistic development, is not an unmixed blessing. For the musician, a certain feeling of isolation is inseparable from life in any Australian city, owing, partly, of course, to the remoteness from the art centres of the old world, but due much more to the spasmodic nature of all local musical activity.

It is sometimes said, that the smaller a community is, the greater number of contending factions it will contain. It is doubtful whether this is generally true—it would, indeed, be hard to find in any city a greater proportion of conflicting artistic cliques than one finds in London. But the effects of party politics in art are more far-reaching in a smaller city; firstly, any party is not likely to be powerful enough in itself both to maintain its existence and do any considerable work; secondly, in a city that has practically no floating population, local matters are of all-absorbing interest. Hence, any trivial dispute in the artistic world is not allowed to die a natural death: but is bandied from mouth to mouth, becomes the subject of newspaper articles galore, degenerating finally into personal bickering.

It is inevitable that all this should affect the musical life of the whole community; therefore, though there is a good deal of activity, it is more or less inefficient. For instance, in Victoria, professional musicians are divided into two camps—into those which belong to the Musicians' Union and those which do not. According to Trade Union rules, unionists cannot perform in any engagement in which non-unionists are taking part; neither party has members enough to make an independent orchestra of any consequence; as a result, Melbourne—a city of half-a-million population, and at present, musically, the most advanced city of the Commonwealth—has no permanent symphony orchestra. Owing to enterprise and persuasion, the difficulty is sometimes overcome; and then, perhaps, *as many as* four orchestral concerts will be given in a year!

For opera, Australia is practically entirely dependent on touring companies, which are few and far between. As regards chamber music, the conditions are better; for though M. Verbrugghen has left Sydney, with his string quartette, which is the best Australia has ever had, the various musical societies are doing good work, particularly the new Melbourne Music Club, founded about two years ago with the object of familiarizing Melbourne audiences with the best modern Russian, French and British music. Such work is, however, greatly hampered by the almost insuperable difficulty of obtaining new music.

Thus, it is clear that Australia does not merely want more and better artists. She has no room for the one-sided "professional." She must have men and women who combine the rare qualities of good artistry and strength of personality. Numerically, she is now passing through a trying time, and without strong leadership there is the very real danger that her creative energy will be dissipated before she has had time to make a national tradition. But, although, on the one hand, she has no background of centuries of musical achievement, on the other, she is free from the rags and tatters of worn-out thought. In the people she has great reserves of talent, temperament and initiative; and so there is every reason to hope that she will steer through her troubles and take her rightful place as a musical nation.

JANET MITCHELL.



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Stop Press "Guess Who's."

GUESS which little fair maid of curls made a picture of a striking originality by stopping in the central hall to finish eating a ginger cake before wending her steps homewards.

GUESS whether or no she was asked to pose in a similar manner for the cover of a leading London magazine.

GUESS who is *James*.

GUESS who was introduced to her professor as the quietest girl in the Academy.

GUESS whether she belongs to a certain "quartette" that was mentioned in the "Guess Who" column of the Michaelmas Term Number.

GUESS who was pointed out by *whom* as having been built upon *Glaxo*.

GUESS who resembles the *dentist*.

GUESS who delights in making atrocious puns.

GUESS who speaks the American lingo as if *to the manner born*.

GUESS which dramatic student stood outside a big West End store and *wondered* if her Daddy would buy her the bathing costume displayed in the window.



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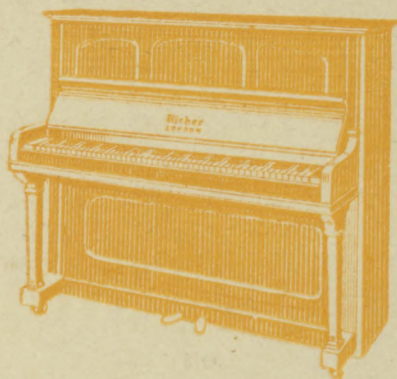
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